

All About the Creator and the Creation, as Viewed Among the Indians of Alaska.



VERY nation has a different theory of creation and the Creator. The Japanese believe that Heaven and Earth were together in the beginning, and that the world floated around in space like the yolk of an egg. Then the air coozed out and formed Heaven, and the settlings formed the earth. From the earth four pairs of beings sprouted, and these separated the world into its elements.

THE CREATOR A RAVEN.

The newest mythological theory, however, comes to us from Alaska. Eusign Niblack, of the U. S. Navy, has spent a long time among the Indians of the coast of that country, acting as an employee of the Smithsonian institution. He has gathered a mass of valuable material about the Alaska Indians, and his report concerning them will be given to the world this Fall. In this report he speaks in high terms of the interest and value of the legends of the coast tribes, and he describes their legendary traditions and folklore as wonderful. Among the most interesting of these traditions possesses a story of a great transformer, the Creator. They believe him to have been a great raven, and he was called by them Yetl. The Mighty Yetl was no ordinary bird. "He had," says Eusign Niblack, "the power of flight, and the power of transforming himself into anything in the world. His coat of feathers could be put on or taken off at will like a garment. He could change his color at will, whatever. He existed before his birth, never grows old, will never die. Numerous are the stories of his adventures in peopling the world with plants and animals, fire, fish, water, life, fish, and game.

ALL these were in the possession of the chief, who was a powerful man, and a very brave warrior. He lived on the mainland where the Nass River now is. He was master of the tides and had great power, and the stories of how Yell entered his mind were very interesting. The chief had a wife and a son, and a daughter. To some versions, a wife and daughter. Of his wife he was very jealous, and whenever, for any reason, he was away from home, hunting, or on a war party, he would take a box of arrows or a basket and tied her up to the rafters in the lodge, setting a number of little red birds to watch her. If by any chance the box was broken, or the basket was broken, he would know she was unfaithful to him, and he would kill her. He was also very jealous of the posterity of his sister, whose children he killed for fear that when they grew up they would be stronger than he, and would take away his life's affections. According to one tradition he was very generous into the fire; according to another he drowned them. This sister was not allowed to eat or drink anything until the chief had exhausted his strength, and then he would take from eating certain things many times before

One day the chief discovered Yeti, with whom he pretended to be pleased, but he took him out in a canoe and threw him overboard. Yeti, having on his diver's skin, walked along the bottom and met his uncle on shore. Next day the chief threw him into the fire and piled logs upon him, believing on a magic cloak he came out of the fire and told him why he was there. The chief was away he opened the box in which his wife was confined and released her, but the little birds flew to him and informed him. The chief returned in a great rage, but Yeti calmly without noticing him. This was too much for the master of the tides, so he con-

"At this point the story," continues Mr. Niblack, "varies so much in different localities that it is difficult to make it at all general. According to one tribe Yeti descended into the sea and rescued his mother from the lord of the tides; according to another he lit originally on the Queen Charlotte Islands, and picking up pieces of the wood of the Douglas pine in his bill he flew all over the other islands, and wherever he let fall a piece of this wood the Douglas pine is now found. Fresh water he

"Endless are the details of the adventures of Yeti, not to mention the other traditions and myths, which no one Indian can ever learn. Many of them are remembered simply as bearing on or relating to the totem of the individual. In general their belief is in indwelling spirits. The sea, the woods and the air are peopled with them. All the phenomena of the universe are attributed to their action, and most of the rites of these Indians of a religious nature are in the direction of propitiating them."

GENERAL

POLITICAL.
The Ohio Republican Convention renominated Daniel J. Ryan for Secretary of State and Thaddeus A. Minshall for Judge of the Supreme Court. Frank J. McCulloch was nominated for Member of the Board of Public Works. —About 600 delegates attended the Farmers' Alliance Convention at St. Paul, Minn., and were addressed by Ignatius Donnelly and W. W. Erwin. —The North Carolina Farmers' Alliance threatens to make inroads into the Democratic party, as they require a pledge from every can-

DISTRICT OF PORTFOLIO.

A new Cabinet has been formed in Cape Colony, as follows: Prime Minister, without portfolio, Mr. Rhodes; Attorney-General, Mr. Jukes; Treasurer, Mr. Merriman; Commissioner of Lands, Mr. J. C. Smith; Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. J. C. Smith; Secretary for Native Affairs, Mr. Sauer.—Intense heat prevails in Central Austria, and in the Alps from Graubünden to the Tyrol. The melting of the snows on the mountains has caused the affluents of the Danube to rise. The inhabitants are greatly alarmed. Much damage has already been done to the crops. The Government has ordered that the strikers in the nitrate district number 7,000. A conflict occurred between a number of strikers and a body of troops, in which forty persons were killed. The *Argentine* says that the *Gauchos* says that an engagement has occurred between the natives and the French expedition to the Upper Niger, and that the natives have blocked the line of retreat of the French.—Count Kalnoky will accompany Emperor Francis Joseph to the German army in the East, at Liegnitz, where Count Kalnoky will meet Chancellor von Capri.

The President of the Argentine Republic has sent a message to the House of Deputies asking that the Government should issue a new paper currency. This move has alarmed the

power arming's Station, on the Little Miami River, in Ohio. The property loss amounted to \$30,000.—The 16-year-old son of Morris Sulzlander, of Gorseville, Ill., inflicted fatal wounds on his father and mother because he was tired of waiting for them to die.—Detective McLaughlin, of New York, and one of Inspector Byrne's men have arrested a man named Grano and Daniel Grunell in New York, who are suspected of being members of a gang of counterfeiters who have been floating \$2 certificates.—Pierre Miranda, his wife and five children were burned to death in their beds in Montreal, the firemen not being aware of their presence in the burning building. Two sailors

By Experience.
[Detroit Free Press.]

The Chinese and Japanese have no fire apparatus beyond a water pail, and depend on Providence instead of a fire department. They have to learn, as all other nations have learned, that Providence has sworn off it that a man is expected to kick for himself when he goes in swimming.

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Atmospheric Pressure in Cyclones

gradatively step in the cyclonic part, the difference between the highest pressure and that at the center of the cyclone is generally very small. This is the case in the anticyclonic part, between the highest pressure and that of the general undisturbed surrounding pressure. Whatever the nature of the earth's surface (level, river, valley or mountain) and the gyratory wind velocity, the pressure gradient between these velocities and those at any altitude, at the same distance from the cyclonic center, are the same in any case, so that where the pressure gradient is greater at one altitude, it is greater, for any reason, all those at any altitudes are increased by the same amount. The pressure at the earth's surface is scarcely affected by the pressure gradient in the air interior from a higher temperature, since the anti-cyclonic gyrations almost entirely prevent its flowing away above, and the consequent pressure gradient is very small. The pressure surface. The barometric or pressure gradient is proportional to the horizontal force which causes it, and this depends almost entirely on the gyratory velocities. The gradient, therefore, is proportional to the distance from the center of the cyclone outward. What is stated with regard to pressures at the earth's surface is true of those at any altitude above the surface, and the pressure gradient at any level can be regarded as a separate atmosphere, and the gyratory velocities of the general atmosphere at that level as those of the base of the separate atmosphere. The pressure gradient, therefore, the highest pressure in the plane of that altitude is also, or very nearly, where the gyrations vanish and the cyclonic velocity is zero, anti-cyclonic.

All that area of the atmosphere, in which the barometric pressure is below the usual average, say 30 inches, or 760 millimeters, is called an area of low pressure, or simply low, or cyclone. Its pressure depends upon both the extent of the areas and the gradients at the different distances from the center.

The velocity of the velocity is very great near the center of the cyclone, the gradient depends almost entirely upon the centrifugal force, especially in low latitudes, and as this is proportional to the square of the velocity, in such cyclones, even of small rotating mass,

Peculiar Experience of a Man on the Field of

resented the insult.

(London Telegraph.)

Many were the thrilling episodes and adventures of the great war which fell in fascinating recitals from the lips of Gen. Sherman, but they are either recorded in the pages of his autobiography, or are too long and discursive to set down here. One little flash of humor is, perhaps, worth preserving from all the war-talk which we enjoyed.

"Gen. Thomas," said he, "junior to me in rank, but senior in service, was a stern disciplinarian. He had received many complaints from the officers of the brigade under his command by one of his brigades, and, being resolved to put this offense down, he issued some very strict orders, menacing with death any who should transgress. The brigade in question was sent for to the front, and the men were indignantly fond of this distinctive sign. Several cases of disobedience had been reported to the General, but the evidence was never strong enough for decisive action."

"Even Gen. Thomas was obliged to laugh at this, and the soldier saved his life by his wit."

English as She is Written.
(Detroit Free Press.)

Said an observing young lady: "Do think of what I have seen in the Detroit papers in the last few days. I saw one advertisement, under the head of 'lost and found,' as follows: 'Lost, a gold watch, having a chain from Park-St. to the City Hall.' Now what do you think of that? Another advertisement read: 'Lost, a dog with clipped ears named Gyp.'

and the County Fair opens in September."

Met His Match.
[Texas Giftings.]

A fellow thinking to appear smart, entered a notion store on Sixth Ave. the other day, and said to one of the salesladies: "Ever have any call for husbands here?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally. Are you looking for a market?"

"Yes," said Smarty.

"All right. Step right up on the 10-cent counter."

(Continued from 3d page)

A few steps farther and we came to an opening, which led to solid ground. Before us was a little stretch covered only with coarse grass. To our right came a path, which apparently led out to the rebel fort on our left. "Well, here we've got some place at last!" shouted Job.

"Hist!" said Lan, cocking his gun, "here come some men."

We looked to the right and saw a squad of eight or ten rebels approaching, evidently on their way to join in the fighting. At their head came a stout man with the stripes of a Sergeant. Beside him gun he was armed with a revolver and a heavy bowie-knife.

"Get ready for a rush, boys, when I start," whispered Job, and I braced myself for what was to come.

"I've done g'n'u'n," said the cheerleader.
 "Our race had brought us out on a little hill-
 o' war, and the rebels were in the line and
 works. The whole battle was in plain view.
 As we looked the rebels nearest us caught
 sight of the regiments on the right of our line,
 and they were shouting and waving their
 flag. The rebels opened fire at once upon them.
 Between the gallant Massachusetts boys and
 the breastworks was a pond of unknown depth,
 and the rebels were not able to get at them,
 though they sank to their waists. The rebel
 bullets splashed the water like a hailstorm, but
 on they pushed.
 "The cheer came up from away over
 on the left of the line, where the 21st Mass.
 and the 51st N. Y. had gained the edge of the clear-
 ing, and were widely praised for the honor of
 their arms. The cheering was heard all the way
 to the rear. The cheer was taken up in the center,
 where Hawkins's Zouaves were. The words
 rang with 'zoo!' 'zoo!' 'zoo!'—the cur-
 rent of the cheering was a raging river of com-
 munion, fezz and red breeches.
 "The astonished rebels began to break and
 run. In an instant the flags of the 21st Mass.
 and the 51st N. Y. were fluttering above the bank
 green, a wave of bristling steel was sweeping
 over the works from left to right, and all re-

...bowed round, and clapped and sang as if crazy. The men were shouting and cheering and waving their hats. They shook hands with each other and with the Union. They made speeches, and called for cheers for the Union.

While we were so engaged, Gen. Reno, eager for the last laurel, sprang forward with his brigade, in pursuit of the flying rebels.

Soon a messenger from him came rushing back, with his compliments to Gen. Foster, and a little black horse, which he had captured, and the information that the rebels were trying to get to the river, to take to Nag's Head, trying to make the northward. He suggested that Gen. Foster move forward and try to intercept them.

We set out at once, and sweeping ahead as fast as our legs would carry us, speedily came to the foot of the mountain, and saw the flying rebels in the distance. The rebels were trying to escape by wading into the water, and opening a sharp fire upon it. It proved to contain about 25 men and a wounded rebel officer, who cursed and swore at us, and called us "Abolitionists." He generally, and regretted that he could only use force to lose for the Southern Confeder-

not permit it, and we ran to take the rear' or the front of the rebels. The rebels were in a very short time, when a volley burst out of the woods at the head, and was at once answered by one from our skirmishers. Then a cheer told us that the rebels were running. The brigades once went into line-of-battle and began advancing slowly. The advance told us that they had met a company of rebels, who ran after receiving one volley, which killed three of them, and we found their bodies lying in a pile.

A rebel officer bearing a white flag, and accompanied by two or three men, came out of the woods. The line was halted to know what it meant. He inquired for the officer in command.

Promptly came Gen. Foster's answer: "Only long enough, sir, for you to return to your command and come back with your commander's decision."

"Very well, sir," said the rebel, "I will inform him of your answer."

"All right," answered Gen. Foster. "Maj. Stevenson (to an officer of the 24th Mass.), go with this gentleman, and bring back his commander's reply."

The officers disappeared in the woods, and we leaned on our muskets and awaited the

many men could successfully imitate a rooster, — set to "cock-a-doodle-doo-ing" with all his might. Many turned somersaults, and hopped on their other heads. Job and Quin started to hug each other. The Hugenots were completely overcome. Lan lifted up his musical baton with a grand flourish, and said:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
And 600 manly voices joined in the thanksgiving to the God of Battles.

We marched to where the rebels were, and received their arms from the island. Messengers arrived from other parts of the island, reporting that the story was complete. All the food, and barrels were in the hands of our men, and the rebel vessels—all but one, which was grounded and now burning—had run away, and the rest were being towed off by our ships. At Job's suggestion, I sent the following

The most sweet potato was a supply of corn-hoe-cakes and sweet potatoes. I had a little of the corn-hoe-cakes and the sweetest meal I ever ate. It was a delicious change from the diet we had been on for the past month. After supper we were suddenly awakened by the sound of moving another step was painful. The idea of making our way back to camp was intolerable. A little distance from the house we were overtaken by a party of ten of our men. We crawled into it, removed our shoes and belts, and lay down. Beds of down were made up for us, and in a minute or two we were asleep. In the morning, when we awoke, we were disturbed through the night, had a breakfast of hoe-cakes, fried corn, and sweet potatoes baked in the ashes, and then sought camp, where I am now posing these things these.

A congratulatory order by Gen. Burnside has been issued to the men, which, after praising every body for courage and valor, says: "We have captured six 3,000, 40 cannon, 3,000 small-arms and about 3,000 prisoners. We have secured a large quantity of small-arms, and so great a gain. The rebel army has been as we did in killed and wounded. Besides, we have inflicted a blow upon them that will be remembered by all who are in the Southern Confederacy."

The service. The monument is already finished, costing \$3,000, and is in the form of a castle, with the badge of the corps. Capt. Jno. T. Davidson, Elmira, N. Y., has been selected to deliver the oration. Excursion rates will be secured.

Is It Maj. Andr's Sword?
(New York Sun.)

Henry Reip came a bathhouse and fisherman's resort on the Passaic River at Arvonale. Just behind his residence is a little vineyard. While hoeing among his vines a few days ago, he came upon a long, narrow piece of rusted metal. After cleaning it of mud, dirt, and rust, he saw that it was an officer's sword of the Revolutionary period. The sword was of the regulation size and had an old-fashioned English hilt. It was struck almost fast in a small, round, shallow hole in the ground. Just below the hilt, it was in perfect condition. Reip polished it with cleaning powder, and was rewarded for his pains with the discovery of this inscription in old English letters on the blade:



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